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About 250 words

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My Mechanical Teeth-Brushing Turk.

An exercise following the writing prompt

"What I do not do Online."

By

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I don't brush my teeth online, even though I wish I could.

I wish I could automate the boring un-stimulating day-to-day tasks that take up my short-term memory and delegate them to the random-access memory on my computer. I would become an avatar of myself. Dematerialized. Why would an avatar need to brush their teeth though? I guess in this scenario I am a sim, with queued-up tasks.

Yes, it may be as much work but gamified work; fun chores if you may. Fun chores, exclamation point. Everything sounds more fun followed by an exclamation point. Fun cleaning! Fun vacuuming! Fun laundry! Fun mopping!

Alas, I am not a sim, just a very physical body, a prison of flesh, with moving guts and organs which will eventually give out. Not robotic in the slightest not even cyborg-like. I compost my hair which falls off in the shower. I am organic waste and will be under the soil one day. I hate thinking about this.

So I must brush my teeth to delay that decaying process.

10 minutes every day; spent brushing teeth. 5 minutes in the morning and 5 minutes at night; encapsulating my day. Wake up brush your teeth; brush your teeth go to sleep.

In the depths of my mental suffering I saw someone online say "There are other times of the day to brush your teeth."

I may not be able to brush my teeth online but I sure can be online while I brush my teeth, and that is fun teeth-brushing (exclamation point).

That's what computers are for, and I call it my teeth-brushing Mechanical Turk.